

The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage):

PER MONTH.....\$1.00

PER YEAR.....\$10.00

Vol. 22.....No. 10,945

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

NEW BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD TOWNSHIP OFFICE—1207 BROADWAY,

between 21st and 22nd sts., New York.

BROOKLYN—326 FIVE ST. HALL—

New Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST. AD-

vertisements at 237 EAST 110TH ST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEADER BUILDING, 112

South 5th St. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.

LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFAL-

GAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated

Press News.

BAD RAILWAY RECORDS.

An open switch at Palestine, O.; a stalled freight and a passenger train un-
warned, near Chili, in this State; a ves-
tibule train at Homer, Ill., which couldn't
wait for a fast freight to get side-tracked;
bad rails, or loosely laid ones, at
served by men who have examined the
track, near Kalamazoo.

These circumstances are back of four
railway wrecks which figure in the news
reports of this morning, and they follow
closely the West Shore horror of Thurs-
day, in which fifteen lives were lost. It
makes a bad record for railway manage-
ment. Concerning only one of the four
accidents does there seem to be a doubt
that it was due to somebody's careles-
ness or criminal negligence. That one is
the Kalamazoo affair, in regard to which
officers of the road claim that it was the
work of train wreckers.

The men who control passenger railways
take upon them, in conveying loads of
human beings from place to place, the
greatest responsibilities. But they do it
with no hesitation and with the guarantee
that all possible care and system shall at-
tend the fulfillment of their contracts.
Because of the weightiness of responsi-
bility involved, because of the precious
lives lost or endangered through any fail-
ure to live up to that guarantee, it be-
comes imperative that carelessness in the
conduct of any train, or negligence in
any particular connected with the run-
ning and guiding of trains, should be
promptly punished. Whether lives are
lost or not, there should be a penalty for
the slip that causes a wreck. With great
possibilities are often involved, but even
little consequences must be always con-
sidered.

Such accidents as have just been re-
ferred to point to the necessity of better
direction and more constant watchfulness
as to the way in which even the ordinary
rules and regulations of railway service
are carried out. If slipshod methods
prevail among employees it is more than
likely that there is something amiss al-
so in the way in which the employees
are overlooked by those above them.

COURAGEOUS TO NO DEGREE.

Capt. LAWSON, of the dory Sea Ser-
pent, has successfully completed a trip
across the Atlantic in his cockleshell craft.
He is, therefore, in condition to enjoy
the notoriety falling to a man who has
gone pickety through a hazardous under-
taking. But beyond achieving this notori-
ety, winning his wager against the dory
Mermaid and demonstrating what good
luck may attend even a foolhardy enter-
prise, Capt. LAWSON has gained nothing.
His feat is absolutely devoid of useful-
ness to the world. He has fulfilled no
mission and furnished no inspiration for
humanity or for science.

This is saying nothing against his per-
sonal bravery, which he has proven. It
is only intimating that his courage may
have been misdirected. Suppose he had
failed to reach the other side and had
been lost at sea. Suppose even now that
the Mermaid and its captain be seen no
more. Could it then be said that even at
the cost of one life it paid to tempt fate
as the two captains have done?

All doubt as to the thoroughly fatal
effect of the electric shocks given by the
prison dynamo seems now to be removed.
Spiritualists testify that it took six hours
to revive KEMMEL's spirit, so that he
might communicate with the mediums,
while in the case of the Sing Sing
victims twenty-six hours each was
required. KEMMEL's spirit refused to
have anything to say to Warden DUNSTON.
Evidently he bears a living grudge,
though he is himself quite dead. And is
not this fresh evidence that the electro-
cution at Auburn was not all that it
should have been?

Immediately after a murder is com-
mitted the police have the habit of arrest-
ing some innocent person, wearing a net
of circumstantial evidence about him,
and then ruining his reputation forever, and
announcing that it is all a mistake. The
arrest and discharge of MARTIN PHILIPS
for the killing of HANNAH ROBINSON is
a painful illustration of it.

It may be asked with justice why \$2,400
a year should be paid to the Secretary of
the Grant Monument Fund. Why this
money should be thrown away there seems
no good reason. A reporter who
called three times at the Secretary's office
yesterday to see what work was really
done found it closed on each visit.

The "self-defense" plea that "BERT"
WERNER put in for the very cold-
blooded murder of CHARLES E. GOOVER,
Jr., is not likely to have much weight
with a jury. This line of defense is be-
coming threadbare.

Here is a pretty state of things. A
fugitive from justice negotiating through
his lawyers as to what his bail shall be
before he will surrender. What is the

matter with the police? Why is he not
arrested like other criminals?

Mayor GRANT goes off next Monday on
another vacation. This one is for two
weeks. It is to be hoped that on his re-
turn he will conclude that he has some-
thing to do with the condition of the
city's streets.

It is now said that the VANDERBILTS and
foreign holders of New York Central
stock object to Mr. DEWEY's accepting the
Republican nomination for Governor.

New Jersey livermen complain that
bicycles are hurting their business.
Bicycle manufacturers may claim the same
grievance against the livermen.

That jealous Long Island City woman
should have been content to make it hot
for her rival in more moderate ways than
by resorting to red pepper.

Pie-making has become a great indus-
try. One company in this city turns out
\$5,000 a day, and there are others that are
equally prolific.

Fifty-three more business failures oc-
curred last week than in the same week
two years ago. What is the matter with
the financiers?

Uncle JERRY's rain-making expedition
having reached its destination in Texas,
the Lone Star State may as well get under
its umbrella.

The White House is said to need ex-
cite. Democrats are fairly confident that the
Harrison family will make several about
March, 1893.

The State Dairy Inspector reports that
"bogus butter" is used in Asbury Park
hotels. **FIE, MR. BRADLEY.**

Who will be nominated for Governor
by the Republicans is growing more in-
teresting daily.

Since JERRY SIMPSON has invested in
socks he isn't half as picturesque as he
used to be.

New York never was as dirty as it is
to-day.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Why should our streets be filthy?
What has Beattie done to clean them?
What has Gilroy done to make Beattie clean
them?

What has Mayor Grant done to force Gilroy
to make Beattie clean them?

What is the reason for the big falling off in
savings bank deposits this year?

Why are the Eleventh Avenue steam-cars al-
lowed to go on slaughtering people?

Why should the city be taxed \$72,000 for
more improvements on Riverside Drive?

Who is the dark horse for which the cry for
Blaine's nomination is used as a cover?

What sense is there in paying the Secretary
of the Grant Monument Fund \$2,400 a year?

Why should more pensions be paid now than
in the year immediately after the war?

Why are not the directors sent to jail when
banks and trusts are wrecked through their
carelessness?

What right has the District Attorney's
office to negotiate with a fugitive from justice
as to his bail in case of surrender?

WORLDLINGS.

Alexandre Dumas is one of the most open-
handed philanthropists in Paris. A great part of the
income he derives from his books and plays is dis-
persed in charity, and many a poor and obscure
author owes him a debt of gratitude that can never
be wholly repaid.

Edward Democrit, the author, is one of the
finest looking men in Paris. He has a most strik-
ing figure, and his handsome head is adorned with
curling silver hair that gives him a most picture-
que appearance. His complexion is ruddy and he
looks the picture of health.

Officer Rollings, of Philadelphia, is said to be
the largest policeman in the United States. He is six
feet eight inches in height and weighs 340 pounds.

The German Emperor's new crown is chiefly re-
markable for its weight and size. It weighs 10
pounds and is said to be the heaviest crown ever
made.

The longest train of coal cars which mention
has been made passed over the Philadelphia and
Reading Railroad recently. It comprised ninety
large cars and was drawn by a locomotive weighing
seventy-five tons, one of the heaviest engines used
in the coal regions.

VAGRANT VERSES.

The Baby Next Door.
My neighbor's babe is fair and sweet,
With dimpled hands and soft pink feet.
With all the Summer in his eyes,
He looks like a little angel in disguise.

My neighbor's baby loves me so,
His glances follow where I go.
He clings to me like a cat to a mouse,
And I don't know how to get him out of house.

My neighbor's babe brings back the joy
Of my first love, my first true joy.
His breath, more sweet than flowers rare,
Fills my heart with love and care.

Ah, yes, a treasure rare is he,
A jewel without price to me.
I tell you this in plain words,
I'd give him heavenward when he cries—*Park.*

Take heed.
My friend, the owl, with his big, round eyes,
Says never a word
That has not been heard.
But those at our table in mild surprise,
The things he can't tell (here his secret lies)
He doesn't disclose.
And every one knows
That thousands of men are half so wise.
—*Washington Post.*

Her Letter.
A letter came by the morning's post
And I read it with a beating heart
And I read it with a beating heart
And I read it with a beating heart.

Kind Hearted Father—You look ill, my friend;
What distresses you?
Haven't you any food? I had chicken
salad and ice cream for breakfast.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

To Diaper Colds,
Headaches and fevers, to cleanse the sys-
tem effectively, get gently, when constive or
bilious, or when the blood is impure or slug-
gish, to permanently cure habitual constipa-
tion, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a
healthy activity, without irritating or weak-
ening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Whew! Ain't it Hot!
Cool off with a glass of "Perfect Soda Water"
which is sold at Kline's Drug Store, 604
ave. and 22d st.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Getting a Bulge.

I hadn't but one cigar to offer, and
there were four men on the bench. In
this emergency the man on the end ob-
served:

"Boys, it's only enough for one to
smoke, and I moves that it goes to the best
educated of us."

There was considerable growling at
this, but holding the cigar aloft he con-
tinued:

"The man who can spell the best gets
the cigar. The word is pneumonia. Go
ahead, Jack."

Not one of the three dared tackle it, and
the end-man calmly lighted the cigar and
began smoking.

"How do you spell it?" I asked, as he
looked up and winked.

"Why, sir," he whispered, "it's
n-e-w-m-o-n-e-y, of course. Where I got
the bulge on the boys was in being in the
hospital with it for four weeks, and I
kept track of how the doctors spelled it!"

The Boy with a Thought.

A man who was carrying half a peck of
apples along Chambers street in a paper
bag was bumped against by a pedestrian
so roughly that the bag gave way and the
contents rolled all over the sidewalk. A
boy who was handy by helped him to
gather up the fruit, and when he had
done so the man remarked:

"Boy, I'm much obliged to you. You
could run off with half the fruit if you
had been dishonest."

"Yes, sir, I could."

"But the thought never occurred to
you, did it?"

"No, sir. The only thought I had was
that you'd give me 10 cents for my assist-
ance!"

The man thought over it for a while
and then fished him up two nickels and
told him he would be Governor of New
York some day.

What Ailed Baby.

On a bridge train the other day a baby
about six months old set up a loud squall
as soon as the train moved away from
the Brooklyn end. The attention of the
whole car was attracted to the poor young
mother, who flushed and blushed and
turned the baby wrong and to and upside
down in her efforts to hush the racket.

"Colic," whispered an old man with a
yellow tooth. "I've got seven of 'em, and
they all had colic every time they were
taken out in the wind!"

"Probably he's got a hairpin to
play with and got it down his gullet!"
observed a man who was trying to read
an article about the coal troubles in
Tennessee.

"Why don't she lay that young 'un face
downwards?" demanded a middle-aged
woman at the far end of the car. "Folks
as don't know the first principles of
child care of a baby hadn't order to be
trusted out with them!"

"I thought that," remarked a pale-faced
and slim-waisted young man who had
been looking at his toes for three minutes.
"I thought they wath a case of thick-
ness. My thister hath three childerth, and
when they are thick they disturth the
United States of America just thith way!"

The baby's howls and wails created
such a disturbance that nothing more
could be heard for a minute. When he
ceased up a little, a boy about ten years
old who had been moving about uneasily
said to himself:

"Why on earth don't that woman look
and see if he isn't being stuck by a pin?"

She was too far away to hear, but at
that moment she flopped the squaller
over, made a brief search, and a pin was
no sooner seen in her fingers than the
howling stopped as short as if cut in two
with an axe. There were forty people in
that car and the boy was the best posted
of all.

HEIGHT OF CHIVALRY.

A Would-Be Rescuer Saved from
Drowning by the Man He Went
After.

An exciting story of the rescue from
drowning of a Japanese, by an English-
man whose life the Japanese himself had
set out to save, is told in a Japanese
paper, the *Kobe Shinbun*.

The Englishman was a resident of To-
kyo. Being on his way to Yokohama,
and finding no ferryboat owing to the
swollen state of the river, he determined
to swim across with his clothing in a bun-
dle tied on his head.

The daring attempt attracted a crowd
of sightseers, one of whom, observing
that the stranger was apparently in diffi-
culty, plunged in and went to his rescue.

The Japanese was a good swimmer, but
the waters ran swiftly, his strength gave
out, and he was unable to make headway.
Then arose a cry from the spectators,
for they saw that the Japanese was going
to sink.

At this time the Englishman had almost
reached the opposite bank, but when he
heard the cry of the crowd he turned
about, and seeing the drowning Japanese
he again faced the current, and, coming
up with the drowning man, caught him
with one arm and swimming with the
other hand he brought him ashore amid
the cheers of the crowd.

"How chivalrous was his action!" ex-
claims the Japanese journalist in conclu-
sion. "I am sure we know not, but he
has our highest admiration."

A Treat in 10 Years.
[From the Japanese.]
Bimbun in the land of Ichi Shu—Im-
soon get berry much fat and round.
Dundum (with watering mouth)—Yah, who
you berry?

Bimbun—Read dam feds (gib um) jewels,
send malsidions um save us.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

So Glad.
[From the Epitaph.]
Squeers (dying)—And Rottenbott, old chap,
I want you to—I want you to act as head pal-
bearer at my funeral, will you, Rottenbott?
Rottenbott—Why, I don't know, Squeers, old
man. I'll be delighted to.

SAVE THEIR LIVES.

Help the Sick Babies to Battle with
Midsummer Diseases.

Thousands of Tots in Need of the
Necessaries of Life.

Send Your Mite Quickly to the Free
Doctors' Fund.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Previously acknowledged \$5,143.11

</